

self-expression, as Montaigne delights us, even when we totally disagree. Those who like such words may call them respectively 'objective' and 'subjective'. This distinction is not, of course, a rigid one. There are infinite gradations between those who, like Anatole France, feel that they are simply writing a spiritual autobiography, as self-conscious as the *Confessions* of Rousseau, about their adventures among masterpieces, and those who, like Boileau, believe that literature can and must be judged by a code of iron laws; between the critics who approach the kingdom of the dead as poets like Orpheus might, and the critics who sit in judgement there, like Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus, Yet there remains a real opposition between the criticism, on the one hand, that is itself a by-form of literature, dealing with literature instead of with life directly; that sets out to please, and remembers the Graces; that is a creative utterance of the writer's own feeling and imagination—between this and, on the other hand, the criticism that tries to be scientifically cold, impersonal, and detached; that believes in* absolute standards, and hopes to determine their laws; that attempts, *not* to express its writer's own feelings, but to impress the reader with the truth of his views. Though a critic may not be really in the camp he thinks he is, or seems at first sight to be. Thus Dr. Johnson imagined he

was uttering general and absolute truths; in
consequence
his critical work is fuller now of falsehoods
than it need
have been. But we read it today, not so much
because it
is still such good criticism, but because it is
such good
literature; because, though often obsolete
in its judge-
ments, it expresses him so well and wittily;
because, in a
word, it throws even more light on
Johnson than on
Gray or Donne. In the same way we read
Johnson's
account of the Hebrides, not as a guide-
book, but as a